A Biographical Sketch of Samuel Kendal, D.D.

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Rev S. M. Bush
With the author's regards
April 10. 1897.

A Biographical Sketch

OF

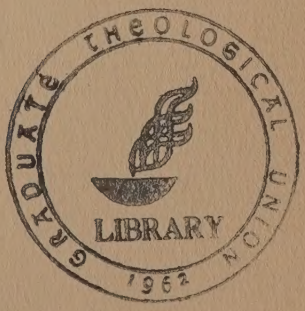
REV. SAMUEL KENDAL, D.D.

FROM 1783 TO 1814

MINISTER OF THE FIRST CHURCH AT WESTON, MASS.

BY

GEORGE A. ROBINSON



BOSTON
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INTRODUCTORY.

HAVING been especially interested in reviewing the history of the venerable First Parish (Unitarian) at Weston, Mass., and the denomination to which it belongs, incited first by a perusal of the admirable Centennial Discourse of Dr. Kendal, lately anew presented to the public through the liberality of a distinguished member of the parish, Mr. Horace Sears,—but whose modesty, I apprehend, prevented his generosity being named on the publication,—and next by Sprague's "Annals of the American [Unitarian] Pulpit," believing it would interest others, I have compiled from these and other sources the accompanying biographical sketch.

However much we may revere the memory of the saintly men who preceded Dr. Kendal, two of them especially, Mr. Williams, who ministered for almost forty-one years, and Mr. Woodward, within a single month, for thirty-one; and while we have in mind good Dr. Field who labored, and with great fidelity, for fifty years in the later time, and, in addition, saintly Dr. Sears, who only in 1866 "received his complete beatification," whose poetic and prose work is known and appreciated the theologic world over, — conscious of this, I yet think we are warranted in giving especial attention to Dr. Kendal; and the hope is entertained that this sketch will in a humble way tend to a renewal of grateful remembrance of one who so well served his generation, and at last on the 15th of February, 1814, in the sixty-first year of his age, as Dr. Cotton Mather said of a like saint of his own time, "he went unto the immortals."

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As a matter of interest, I will say that just two hundred years ago — making allowance for the change of time from old style to new — a committee was appointed to "agree with workmen" to build the first meeting-house ever erected in what is now Weston.

It was only thirty feet square, and for some reason now unknown — but probably a lack of funds — the work of finishing was incredibly delayed; for, as late as Nov. 16, 1699, a final of three meetings was held, "to take measures to finish the meeting-house." It was near enough to completion for occupancy in 1700; but as late as March 30, 1710, fourteen years after the foundation was laid, the chronic question was yet up for consideration, and the record is, "money was granted to finish the meeting-house." The actual finishing of the scheme, at least, was on the 23d of October, 1721, eleven years after the last appropriation; for on that day the town voted to build a new meeting-house. It was immediately erected, and practically finished the next year.

That was the house of worship in which Mr. Samuel Kendal was ordained, and it was occupied during his entire ministry, the steeple and porches being erected in 1800, a time about midway between his ordination and decease. It remained and was used till the year 1840, when it was demolished to make room for the third edifice owned by the society. This was occupied till the year 1887, when it was torn down, and the present stone structure was erected, and dedicated March 28, 1888.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Samuel Kendal was born in Sherborn, Mass., July 11, 1753, a year distinctly marked in American history; for it was then the French made their strange venture of invasion of English-American territory, and established a fort where the city of Pittsburg, Pa., now stands.

An attempt on the part of the English to change conditions sent George Washington, at the time a little less than twenty-one years old, to make negotiations.

His efforts failed, and the next year witnessed the inexperienced but intrepid youth marching at the head of four hundred troops,— the first of a long series of that eventful life, and so it came to pass that Mr. Kendal, who was later on to engage under Washington in like conflict, began his earthly career, and Washington his military one, at the same time.

It is also an interesting fact that Mr. Kendal's life was marked by another national epoch.

The so-called "Boston Tea Party" was on the 16th of December, 1773, and very nearly midway between the time when young Mr. Kendal bought his remaining two and a half years' service of his father. The mother country was just taking steps which precipitated the American Revolution; and, when he arrived at his twenty-first year, England passed the

act in 1774 closing the port of Boston, and that, metaphorically speaking, was loading the cannon which

"Fired the shot heard round the world."

His early days were passed amid scenes and discussions which were the labor-pains of the nation's birth, and his final ones were spent amid similar conditions, for the second war with England was declared June 18, 1812, and the immediately following years were eventful and distressing. And so the saint at Weston left the scenes of his earth labors at a time strangely corresponding to those of his early days, for he closed his mortal eyes at a time nearly midway between the declaration of war in 1812 and that of peace, Jan. 8, 1815.

His father was a blacksmith. Being limited in resources, the boy was obliged to work on farms, and could attend school only a few weeks in winter. He continued thus till his fifteenth year, when the parent, hoping to better provide for his large family,—of which the subject of this sketch was the eleventh child,—removed to Annapolis, N.S.; and there again the son worked on a farm till the age of nineteen, and by industry and economy he saved enough money to purchase of his father the remaining time of his minority.

This act seems strange to us; but we are considering the custom of 1772, and not that of 1897. Which of the two is the better we will not attempt to decide. It is enough to say that colored Parson Jasper's conclusion was right: "The world do move."

From a boy the young man was studiously deter-

mined, and from early years anticipated the acquirement of a collegiate education; and, religiously inclined, he perhaps entertained the thought of becoming a clergyman. These elements inspiring, he surmounted obstacles which to one of less determination and integrity of purpose would have been insurmountable.

Having obtained release from the claims of his father, the tall, spare form, with an intrepidity seldom equalled, embarked in a frail boat to cross the Bay of Fundy. So small and light was the boat that two persons carried it on shore.

He proceeded to his native town, and, under the guidance of Rev. Elijah Brown, immediately began and faithfully prosecuted studies preparatory to entry at Harvard College, meanwhile supporting himself by again laboring at farming for the village parson.

Preparatory studies finished, he found himself, as all Americans then did, at the threshold of the great American Revolution, a time of all others trying to men's souls as well as to their bodies.

To obtain a classical education had been the object and effort of his life, and it was now within reach. But his country called, and, speaking eloquently to the listening ear of his patriotic soul, in the sublimity of a dignified manhood, he stood in the front rank, and joined the army as a volunteer; and then came unmistakable evidence of that fortitude and judicious action which marked and characterized him to his dying day, for he went to an institution established for general public use, and was inoculated for the small-pox, a custom in vogue before the days of our present system of kine-pox vaccination.

I will not attempt a recital of things which occurred during the next few years. Suffice it to say he contended with much that was disheartening in the extreme, and which would have been death to aspiration like his in almost any one but Samuel Kendal.

How little any student at the great university in 1897 knows of the conditions and troubles experienced by those of the smaller college in 1778!

Six wearying years must pass between the time when the valorous yet trembling youth in that frail boat went over the tempestuous Bay of Fundy and the one when he crossed the solid threshold of his room at Cambridge.

He was in the twenty-fifth year of his age, a time when most students were at their graduation. Manhood itself was already upon him. He had but few resources outside of himself. Ambition and industry were his stock in trade, integrity was his shelter and defence.

It would seem to a casual observer that he was especially weak. As the world judges, he was; but, "when he was weak, then he was strong." There were only two doors of a fairly promising sustenance open to him. These were first, fitting young men for college; and, second, during vacations, teaching school at Waltham. Both of these he pursued; and, to his credit set it down, by economy and industry he not only promptly met his expenses, but on the day of graduation was in possession of $200. That was in 1782, a hundred and fifteen years ago next July, it being the last year of the Revolutionary War. Lacking preparation for his more immediate life-

work, he remained at Cambridge, pursuing the study of theology, till he accepted a call from Weston to fill the pulpit vacated by the death of Mr. Woodward the year before.

It is a matter of interest to note that by vote of the town Feb. 24, 1783, he was invited to the pastorate with a salary of but eighty pounds and fifteen cords of wood. The amount of money was, in his opinion, too small for a support of the family he was anticipating; and after long deliberation he declined the invitation.

A copy of the letter thus declining, couched in such judicious, courteous language as he must have used naturally, is as follows:—

My Christian Friends,— You having given me a call to Settle with You in the Gospel Ministry may justly expect that I should Consider it in a religious view, and give such an answere as may appear to me to be Consistant with my Duty — my Answer is Important to both you and myself, and to Heaven have I looked for Direction, and have earnestly desired to know wherein my Duty Consisted, with a Disposition to conduct accordingly; I have likewise used the Ordinary means for Obtaining Direction by Consulting many friends, whose Advice ought in such cases to be taken and well Considered,— The first thing to be Attended in the call is the Unanimity of the People, this is not so great as I could wish.— Several whose Friendship would afford me peculiar Satisfaction are opposed to my settlement. But, having conversed with the Majority of them, I find that their objections are mostly founded upon Missinformations and wrong Apprehensions with respect to those things to which they object, and considering tis not probable the Town will be better united in the choice of another, I can by no means Suppose it to be my Duty to give a negative Answer, because some worthy men have not given their votes in favor of me, But I am sorry to say that the measures Taken by Some among the nays, do, in some Degree

lay me under a Necessity to Accept your call,—and were there nothing farther to be considered my answer would be Affirmative. But it is no less a minister's Duty to Exercise Prudence about those things that lead to his Comfort and Support while he is engaged in his ministry than it is for any Denomination of man to Provide for the Comfort of themselves and Families—and as the Sallery Proposed is thought by all Advisers and by myself Insufficient for the Support of a Minister and as the wood offered will not in my Opinion and the Opinion of those who judge from Experience be Sufficient to maintain the fires that are necessary in a Family I must Decline Accepting your Invitation upon the Terms offered, your offers too being less than for years past you found Necessary to the Support of your late worthy Pastor, you can hardly suppose that I should be willing to accept a call under the present Circumstances. I do not wish to Burden the People more than to enable me to do my Duty among them, nor would I Dispute the generosity of this People more than that of any others, but those that know better than I do what is Necessary to Support a Family do say that what you Offer is not Sufficient and therefore you will receive this as a *Negative* Answer, unless such Attention with respect to my support be made as may render it expedient for me to accept your Invitation this answer wou[d] have been given some months ago had it not been for the Encouragement given me, that the Offer would be made better at the renewall of my call, so that you will not blame me for keeping you so long in Suspence—I am with Love and Respect Your

Sincere Friend and well wisher

Samuel Kendal.

To the Church and Congregation at Weston.

The call being declined, at another town meeting it was voted to add $50 to the settlement donation, making $250. This, however, not being satisfactory, as was learned from him verbally, the declination occasioned unusual interest, if not excitement; and on the 7th of July, after a new discussion, the town

voted to add ten pounds in money and five cords of wood. The sum of $250, which was voted as a ministerial settlement or gift outright, was not paid, however, till 1785.

This vote communicated to him, the integrity of the man was conspicuous.

The principle for which he contended established, thoughtful and generous to a fault, he replied as follows: —

My Christian Fathers, Brothers, and Friends,— As you have been so generous as to make an addition of Ten Pounds and five cords of wood annually to what you Proposed when you gave me the call to Settlement with you, I do Cordially Accept your Invitation; and, as the Times are Peculiarly Difficult by reason of heavy Taxes, I do freely give up what you have now Added for three years, so that until after the three years are expired I shall expect to receive no more than Eighty Pounds and fifteen Cords of wood Annually.

I Subscribe myself your Sincere Friend and well-wisher,

SAMUEL KENDAL.

WESTON, Aug. 11, 1782.

TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION AT WESTON.

Doubtless interest is awakened by the statement relating to a lack of unanimity in the call, and I will state that by vote of the town, passed Feb. 24, 1783, which was the first call, the vote was 43 for and 19 against. The vote on July 28, 1783, which was the final action, and on which the final call was made, on a yea and nay vote, 55 were for Mr. Kendal and 14 against him.

The call accepted, he was, at the age of thirty, ordained Nov. 5, 1783. Graduating as he had with honors, he enjoyed a fine reputation; and a no less

distinguished person than the president of the college, Rev. Dr. Samuel Willard, preached the ordination sermon. A great day that in Weston.

It is an interesting coincidence that his pastorate was within a few months of the same length as that of his predecessor, Rev. Samuel Woodward.

They were eventful years in the nation's history as well as that of the Unitarian denomination; for they covered that strange period succeeding the American Revolution, involving the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the inauguration of our national polity, our second war with England, and, as named, there came in them those controversies preceding, and, it is not too much to assume, preparing the way for the inauguration and establishment of the Unitarian denomination,—an interesting time in which to live and be a New England clergyman, standing as each must on theologic ground that was yielding under his feet, and where he must take one side or the other, or passively give a seeming consent to opinions at the right or the left, often to be misrepresented or at least not understood.

His ordination having taken place and a permanent settlement obtained, it would seem as though his trials and hard experiences were at an end; but no, they had only begun.

His father in Nova Scotia, loyal to American interests, took sides with them, and, as a result, was hard pushed, and threatened with imprisonment. He fled to our territory; and to whom could he go but to that son from whom some years before he had taken pay for that freedom which was the first element in procuring the station in life under the shelter

of which the exiled father at the age of nearly sixty years at length found safety and rest?

He soon went to work at his trade in Roxbury, and remained there till some time after the marriage of his son, who for the first time had a home of his own, and where the father could and did spend the remainder of his days in comfort and peace.

He had left in Nova Scotia six daughters. Three of them were married. As soon as they heard their brother was settled in Weston, the three unmarried ones took passage on a vessel bound for Boston, and before the young minister so much as knew they had left home, or thought of so doing, they were at his door, and in such destitution that they walked all the way from Boston to Weston.

His friends rallied, and provided better clothing for the girls, and furnished them with homes till they could earn a living for themselves.

The sun has seldom looked down on a charity more welcome or better bestowed. Never an instance where the truthfulness of the bard of Avon was more manifest,—that charity blesses as well both him that takes and him that gives; and, in this instance, which received the greater blessing we can never know.

Hardly had this relief come, and a feeble light dawned, suggesting prospects that, in spite of the new arrival and consequent responsibility, he could soon pay a debt incurred by marriage and the support of a fast increasing family,—hardly had this ray of light appeared, before an appalling calamity befell him; for on the night of Saturday, the 19th of February, 1791, the house took fire, and with most of its contents was

consumed. How indescribable must have been the feelings of minister and family and parish on the following midwinter Lord's day morning, as they witnessed smoke from the smouldering ruins yet beclouding the sun in the material heavens!

A good providence, however, was manifest amid the strange and unwelcome conditions, the great dispensation and calamity, for the acts of the adherents of George III., whereby the father was compelled to flee from Nova Scotia, were, in the ordering of Providence, a silver lining to the earlier cloud; for it was the aged man who discovered the fire and awakened the sleeping family.

But for his exile and sojourn at Weston, doubtless the lives of some would have been lost, perhaps that of the head of the family itself.

A deep snow had fallen a few days before, and the roads were practically impassable. It was in the night, few neighbors could know of the conflagration, and not one of them reached the spot till just before the walls, and about all they enclosed, fell into the cellar.

Fortunately, the minister had a small building separate from the house, which he had used more or less for a study; and in it the family found shelter till daylight. That historic little building still exists. It is owned by Mr. Curtis Robinson, and stands in front of and not far from his house, and in view from the railroad station,—an interesting object, connecting an eventful past with a yet more eventful and, we trust, propitious future.

The house and its furnishings went from sight in a chariot of fire. All appeared to be desolation, and, but for Christian charity, despair and death like a

pestilence would have wasted at noonday; but no, elements of a true religion were too influential for that. Harps were not to be hung mournfully on the willows. It was no time then for a God-trusting people to sit down by the cold streams of Babylon and weep.

As by intuition, the people rallied to the stricken minister's support; and his wants were supplied. As a whole, he was the gainer, for they built a new house, and a better one, on the old spot; and the building is, in a sense, historic, for many young men were there fitted for college by him, as he had been by Minister Brown at Sherborn.

Conspicuous among these students was Alvin Lamson, D.D., a native of Weston, who graduated at Harvard College in 1814. He was ordained and settled at Dedham, Mass., as pastor of the First Parish in 1818. He received the degree of D.D. from Harvard in 1837, and was quite prolific as an author and contributor to the denominational publications and, after a signally successful ministry of thirty-two years, he died in Dedham in 1860, at the age of sixty-eight.

Next may be named Jacob Bigelow, M.D., LL.D., a native of Sudbury, Mass. He was born in 1787, graduated at Harvard in 1806, and became one of the most celebrated of Boston's physicians, and notably at the Massachusetts General Hospital from 1815 to 1855. He was also a professor at the Harvard Medical School, and was the founder of Mount Auburn Cemetery, the first of the kind in America, if not in the world. He was the designer of its Egyptian gateway and its first mortuary chapel.

One more was Rev. Charles Train, D.D., somewhat

celebrated as the pastor, and for many years, of the Baptist church at Framingham. He was one of the leading ministers of the denomination, and in style of thought and expression a good representative of his tutor, Dr. Kendal.

The extra employment, however, was never at the expense of his ministerial work; for nowhere has existed the shepherd who was more in constant service and more attentive to his flock.

It may not be known to all — and I name the fact — that the site of the house was on Central Avenue; and the new one erected is the house now occupied by Mr. Francis Sears.

The estate passed through a number of hands before reaching Mr. Sears, and the house has been greatly remodelled within and without. Substantially, however, the building itself is the same. The large mound on the front of the lawn was erected some years ago, and covers a large ledge-rock conspicuous on the premises in the good parson's day.

Dr. Kendal must have been a person of more than usual health, and vigor of constitution; for in his historical discourse, delivered but thirteen months before his death, he informs us that in all the thirty-one years of service he had been detained from public worship but one Sabbath, either from inclemency of the weather or sickness. Remember there were more than sixteen hundred in the lot.

He continued to preach till the Sabbath but one before his death, and the accompanying events were as follows. His last pulpit work was on Sunday, Feb. 6, 1814. The following Tuesday he went with his own horse and chaise to Boston to attend the

ordination of his classmate, Mr. Edward Everett, at the Brattle Square Church. Mr. Everett, as is well known, was afterward, respectively, Governor of Massachusetts, President of Harvard College, and United States Minister to England.

Dr. Kendal met in Boston his married daughter, Mrs. Thomas Marshall, and family, and passed the night with them. He was at the time suffering from a severe cold, but returned to Weston the next day. Before leaving, however, as it were by admonishing premonition and with more than usual interest, he urged them to go to Weston, and pass the following Sabbath with him. They complied; and, on reaching his home, they found him in a great decline, with indication of what in our day would be called typhoid pneumonia.

Pressing engagements called his visitors to Boston on Monday; and, although his disease had assumed an alarming form, and he was aware of it, yet, with fortitude and Christian resignation seldom equalled, he advised them to return to their home.

A change for the worse came, and a neighbor was called to watch with him through the night.

"Man proposes, but God disposes." The golden bowl of his eventful life was about to be broken, the pitcher at the fountain, the wheel at the cistern; and without apparent change, at about six o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 13th, a week from the day he left home to witness the beginning of the great life-work of his friend, Mr. Everett, his spirit was quietly removed to "the city which hath foundations."

So rapid had been the progress of disease that the first intimation the people had of his alarming illness

were the graduated, solemn notes of the meeting-house bell at sunrise, proclaiming that the feverish dream, the checkered scene of his earthly life, was over, and the weary one at rest.

By vote of the town passed March 11 the expenses of his funeral, including mourning apparel, in all an aggregate of $332.00, were paid by the town; and, as additional evidence of esteem, a committee was instructed as follows: "to procure gravestones to be erected in memory of Dr. Kendal, as large as those erected to the memory of the late Rev. Mr. Woodward."

The funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Osgood, of Medford; and at a later day, by vote of the town, the discourse was published.

As evidence of the esteem with which he was held, I quote from an obituary notice in the *Columbian Centinel* of Feb. 26, 1814, as follows:—

> He was a man highly esteemed in life and deeply lamented in death. Few characters more deserving of respectful attention have been formed and exhibited in our country, . . . so animated, fervent, and impressive were his public ministrations, and so discreet, friendly, and sincere his private intercourse that, whilst those of the contrary part had no evil thing to say of him, the candid and serious could hardly fail to be instructed and inspired. He was at once guide and father of his people. In him they always found an able champion of the "faith once delivered to the saints." A strenuous advocate for the rights of conscience and a zealous supporter as well of civil as of religious order, nor were his talents or exertions unknown to the Christian public. As an ecclesiastical counsellor, in which capacity he was often employed, his influence, efficacy, and usefulness were conspicuous. His worth was extensively acknowledged.
>
> Besides tokens of affection and esteem which he received from all his acquaintance, the highest theological honor,— the degree

of Doctor of Divinity,— was in 1806 presented him by the university in New Haven as a voluntary and just tribute of respect for his talent and character. Equally estimable was he in the more retired walks of life. The heartfelt sorrow of his numerous friends, the mournful dejection of a venerable parent, the agonizing grief of an affectionate consort, the flowing tears of a dutiful offspring, justly announce and demonstrate that his social and domestic virtues were of the purest description.

It is well, in passing, to briefly speak of the more salient points of his domestic relations. Early in his ministry, but at what date I am not able to say, he was married to Mary Austin, of Cambridge. She died within two years, and without children. On the 12th of October, 1786, he married Abigail, the eldest daughter of his pulpit predecessor, Rev. Samuel Woodward. She became the mother of four children, and died in child-bed in 1794.

He next married her sister, Marinda Woodward. She also became the mother of four children, and survived him eighteen years, dying in 1832. The father of her husband survived the son ten years, dying in 1824, having his home in the late minister's family; and at the time of his death he lacked but few days of ninety-nine years.

One of the sons, the youngest, Henry Payson, graduated at Harvard in 1820, six years after the death of his father.

He was several years preceptor of the academy at Deerfield, Mass., and afterward was a teacher in the Latin School at Boston.

Failing health obliged him to return to his mother's home in Weston, where in 1832, the same year in which she died, he himself died of consumption.

Some of Dr. Kendal's occasional sermons were published, and of them I name the following: that at the ordination of Thaddeus Mason Harris, at Dorchester, 1793; Isaac Allen, a native of Weston, ordained at Boston, 1804; Avery Williams, at Lexington, 1807; Peter Nourse, at Ellsworth, Me., 1812; and Isaac Hurd, at Charlestown, in 1813.

Of yet more especial ones may be named that on the national Thanksgiving Day, 1795; the State election one in 1804; one at the funeral of Hon. Samuel Dexter in 1810; seven discourses to young people, published in the *Christian Monitor*, 1810, and also as a bound volume; and yet more conspicuous than all his historical sermon delivered at Weston, Jan. 12, 1813.

There was yet another which has been considered as one of his most tender and thoughtful productions. It was entitled "Sermon on the Love of God." The date of this I do not know.

Next a few words concerning the personality of the man.

Rev. Dr. Sprague says:—

> I have a distinct personal recollection of Dr. Kendal. When I was about fifteen years old, I spent a night and part of two days at his house, and I thought him one of the most genial and pleasant of men. His first appearance was altogether commanding and impressive; and his fine social qualities very soon put me at my ease, and I saw that he was doing his utmost to interest and gratify me. He was especially devoted to Harvard College, regarding it as furnishing the best advantages for the training of the intellect to be found on this side of the Atlantic.

There was at Plymouth, Mass., as pastor of the Pilgrim Church, Rev. Dr. James Kendall, who was prob-

ably a distant relative, but claimed no immediate relationship to the Weston pastor, though he knew him well. I will take time, in passing, to add that Dr. Samuel Kendal in a foot-note in his Centennial sermon remarks as follows, "Mr. Francis Kendal, who settled in Woburn, was the first in this country, and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, was the ancestor of all that bear the name of Kendal in New England."

Plymouth Dr. Kendall says of him:—

He always wrote his name with one l. He had a large, firmly built frame, was well proportioned, and had a commanding, dignified presence. His mind was vigorous, comprehensive, and well-stored; but he was much more at home in the regions of sound common sense and practical thought than of philosophical speculation.

His manners were those of a gentleman of the old school, bland and courteous without much artificial polish. His whole life was an exhibition of unbending integrity. In religious opinions he was with those denominated liberal, though I think he was little disposed to preach on controversial subjects. His manner in the pulpit was calm and impressive; and his discourses were, I believe, always sensible, well-digested, and edifying.

Another clergyman who had personal recollections, and has written something concerning him, was Rev. Dr. Alvin Lamson, a native of Weston, and pastor of the first church at Dedham. He remarks as follows:—

He possessed a remarkably vigorous intellect. He was a clear-headed man, and always thought for himself. His appearance, voice, and manner all carried authority with them. He reasoned out his opinions, and held them firmly, but without one particle of bigotry or uncharitableness.

His services were plain, practical, earnest, and fitted to make an impression that he felt he was dealing in momentous realities. I do not think he ever preached a feeble sermon. He belonged to the old school of liberal theologians, of the days preceding the breaking out of the Unitarian controversy in 1815.

He visited the school always at the closing winter examinations, and, after consulting with the visitors, pronounced a sort of verdict on the appearance of the school, and made a short address.

He was essentially kind in all his intercourse with his parishioners, a whole-souled man, and devoted to his work as a minister of the gospel. He stood high among the clergy of his day, and was always in his own and neighboring pulpits an acceptable preacher.

That the doctor was a man who could and did exemplify what in our day is involved in the words, "muscular Christianity," is shown by a couple of incidents given me by two of his grandchildren, who received them direct from the doctor's daughter, their mother. These ladies, Miss Maria Jane Marshall and Mrs. Elizabeth Baxter Marshall Knox, cultivated, honored citizens of our town, are a worthy connecting link between the past and present of this parish. It was their mother and father who made the visit from Boston to Weston, and spent with their father that last earthly Sabbath of the departing saint.

One of the incidents is this: Many sheep had been destroyed by dogs, and there seemed to be little redress or preventive short of destruction of the depredators. Some citizens were in a sense banded together to remedy the evil, and Dr. Kendal was one of them. They had not gone far in their determination before a large and strange dog was seen in the act of chasing a fine sheep. The doctor, as soon as

he saw him, gave chase, and, while running, espied a large meat bone on the ground. He hastily picked it up, and, yet running, hurled it with that determination and vigor which his large, strong frame enabled him to do; and so good was his aim that he struck the dog in a fatal spot, and killed him outright.

The second was this: There were tramps in those days. One came to the doctor's house, asking for food. With that hospitality for which he was celebrated the tramp was invited in, and well fed. Soon after his departure it was discovered that, not satisfied with what had been given him, he had extended his worldly possessions by the addition of a silver spoon and one of the women's aprons. The doctor's sense of justice had been assailed. His horse was standing, saddled and bridled, at the door. He mounted, and gave chase, soon overtaking the culprit, and demanded the purloined articles. The thief stoutly denied having them. The doctor, seeing an end of the apron hanging from beneath his coat, again mounted the horse, and, quickly reaching out to the sinner, took a firm hold of his collar, and started his horse toward home, the transgressor unwillingly submitting. And, thus uncomfortably conditioned in mind and body, he walked on till they reached the house, where, as his next best step, he gave up the articles, asked pardon, and was permitted to retire, conscious, for a time at least, that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

It is to be presumed if the good doctor gave much adherence to the doctrine of the Westminster Catechism, asserting, "God foreordains whatsoever comes to pass," he was happy in the thought that himself, and not the thief, had the last results of action of the great law.

While Dr. Lamson was right concerning Dr. Kendal's interest in the schools, I incline to the opinion that, as a general thing, he was not an active worker in matters outside of his usual ministerial domain; for, in reviewing the town records, I have found but two instances during his long ministry where he was an actor in town affairs. One was when with another he petitioned for laying out a road, and the other in 1794, when he presented the town with what was termed "a plat of land on which to build a school-house." The road is what is now Crescent Street, and the site for the school-house is that now occupied by Primary School-house No. 1.

It is a remarkable fact that somehow he managed to live and bring up a family of eight children, highly educating some of them, on a salary of but ninety pounds and twenty cords of wood a year, extended only by a little income from young men he had tutored for college. On the 9th of May, 1803, the vote of the town was to pay him from then onward $300 in money in lieu of the former ninety pounds, and $130 instead of the twenty cords of wood, or $430 complete; but he did all well, and now as on the day of his death, eighty-two years ago, we revere the man, and say, "The memory of the just is blessed, the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

And now I will say something concerning his theologic inclinings and the place he occupied during those last eventful, transforming years. I have referred to the birth of the denomination as an important epoch, and occurring during his ministry. Questions of great interest in the theologic domain were marching, and were to continue to march, in

splendid array to the front. They are marching yet, and they will march. Wealth, learning, Christian conviction, and active integrity were in the ascendant; and from that day to this the reform has moved onward and upward till most of the hard, unrelenting features of the old theology have become palsied beyond action or dead beyond resuscitation. The doctrine of a practically dethroned God and a triumphing devil is now discarded, and the "better covenant established on better promises." The doctrine of a final triumph of good over all evil is about the only genuine coin receivable in the theologic market.

Dr. Kendal performed his part well, but it was done in his own time and in his own way; for it was, comparatively speaking, only an early period in the movement when he died. There was, however, in his day much more than mild lightning and low muttering of thunder preceding the coming theologic storm; and Dr. Kendal turned no deaf ear to what the spirit was saying to the churches. Many of the leading ministers were very outspoken, and the old theologic structure trembled from foundation to summit. "Something must be done, and soon," thought and said they of the line of intense Calvinistic thought. As a result, the Theological Seminary at Andover came into existence, to train young ministers for the religious fray and to hold the Calvinistic ship to her course. The creed to which the professors must once in five years subscribe, iron-clad and bristling with "the wisdom which is from below," had its birth in 1808; and the first class was graduated in 1810, but four years before the death of Dr. Kendal.

The old creed is to-day a fine specimen of the past,

mirth-provoking, and useful only as a sort of theologic light-house to warn thinking religious people where not to sail nor go. I will quote a single passage, which is this: "The wicked will awake to shame and everlasting contempt, and with devils be plunged into a lake that burneth with fire and brimstone for ever and ever." That creed, entire, has been subscribed to by every professor of the institution once in five years since its adoption till now,—a period of eighty-eight years,—but, I presume, often with a hundred mental reservations. At the close of this remarkable nineteenth century it is said to be yet alive; but no one claims for it anything more than a lingering death, and there is too little left for cremation.

It began its work in 1808; and as aid and re-enforcement was the little, proselyting "New England Primer," with its cheap rhymed effusions, such as, "In Adam's fall we sinned all," containing also the "Shorter Westminster Catechism." As short, however, as it is, it is, and ever was, infinitely too long. The "Primer" was installed in many schools as a school book. I have talked with a person who was taught the alphabet from it, and he now holds it as a curiosity and a bric-à-brac treasure.

A work was begun to be published monthly at Boston in 1805, nine years before the death of Dr. Kendal, called the *Panoplist*. It was edited by Rev. Dr. Morse, of Charlestown, father of Professor Morse, who rendered such large service in the early days of the telegraph. The *Panoplist* was designed to counteract the influence of a similar work, begun to be published the year before by the liberal party, and called the *Monthly Anthology*. The great centre of

deflection and heresy, of course, was Boston; and to counteract and antidote the liberal influence there, which ultimated in the two oldest churches going over to the Unitarians, Park Street Church was organized in 1809, and its present church edifice dedicated the following year. As will be observed, these were the years of the inauguration of the Theological Seminary at Andover and the graduation of its first class.

Dr. Eliphalet Griffin was installed as pastor. Able, eloquent, and valiant, his earnest good or bad work, as the case may be, soon gave the place the sobriquet of "Brimstone Corner," a cognomen it retains to this day; but a quotation of it is as much enjoyed as a piece of pleasantry by the worshippers there as by persons not of their faith.

This was in 1810, five years after the first publication of the *Panoplist* and nine years before Dr. Channing preached his famous sermon at Baltimore in 1819, so that Dr. Kendal, dying in 1814, passed from the conflict at a time midway between the two marked events. It will be noticed that we often find him midway between two marked events. In the year 1811, three years before the death of Dr. Kendal, so far had hostility progressed,— if it be not too much abuse of the word to so use it,— Rev. Dr. Codman, of the Second Parish in Dorchester, inaugurated the practice of refusing an exchange of pulpit services with the liberals. He was followed by Rev. Dr. Osgood, of Springfield, in 1812; and the ostracism has from that day to this been continued with a fidelity worthy of a much better cause.

The New England theologic world at the time

of Dr. Kendal's death was in a state of great commotion; but, in the ordering of Providence, it required till 1821, seven years after it, for the first publication of a weekly paper,— the *Christian Register*,— which would be in the service of an unqualified liberal faith; and I am happy to say it was never doing a larger or better service than now, when in the seventy-sixth year of its age.

I anticipated quoting a few extracts from Dr. Kendal's printed sermons, to illustrate the general nature of his mind, and the style of his expression of thought; but matters of perhaps more importance demand so much attention that the reader's patience would be overtaxed, and I refrain. But we have this thought, and it is influencing, although eighty-three years have passed since he put on immortality; yet, by the things I do relate, "he being dead, yet speaketh."

I have named only a few points of a large lot to show the theologic environment of Dr. Kendal when at the zenith of his popularity and labors, which was, I doubt not, in the years immediately preceding his death; for in no way was there even then evidence of mental decline, but the rèverse. He is spoken of by Drs. Kendall and Lamson as disinclined to controversy; but on these great questions of the day, in any time of especial emergency, "his trumpet gave no uncertain sound." When he spoke at all on these subjects, it was so as to be understood. No one was in doubt as to which wing of the controversialists he belonged.

With plaintiveness bordering on the sublime, he speaks in his Centennial Discourse with much direct-

ness; and remember this was when he was but sixty years old, and, of all others, his own testimony being our guide, in as good health of body and vigor of constitution as any within the sound of his voice. In consideration of this, his words were indeed prophetic; for they were uttered but thirteen months before his death. He said, "The time is fast approaching when the lips of the present speaker will be closed, when his tongue will be silenced forever. . . . Permit him to offer the friendly counsel which he may never have a more favorable opportunity to give." After advice as to parochial matters, and having in mind the action of the old, enslaving theologic thought which he knew would more or less manifest itself when his successor was being selected, with extreme judiciousness he said: "With pure intentions, such men will be apt to consider a conformity to their own mode of thinking on subjects of speculation as an essential qualification for the ministerial office, and to overlook a deficiency in other requisite qualifications. Under impressions of this kind, good men may excite unreasonable fears and prejudices among a people seeking a good minister."

Later on he permits his thought to have a yet freer rein; and, moving away from the shallower water near the shore, he ventured into deeper, and said: "One word of counsel more. Let me entreat you, my brethren, to guard your Christian liberty, to study the principles of the Reformation, to look at the examples of our forefathers, and to exercise and defend your rights as a church of Christ, amenable only to your Lord and Master for your faith and worship. Be not

entangled with any yoke of bondage." I quote but once more. With the finest pathos of Isaiah or of Jeremiah, tempered with the sweet fatherly love of Saint John in the Epistles, he finally said, "Remember, brethren, I have told you beforehand, and warned and exhorted you as a father. Be persuaded always to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free, and thus prove yourselves the genuine and worthy offspring of the fathers whose deeds we this day commemorate."

From then till now, through all the intervening years, the good admonition has been heeded; and we who live to-day bask in the sunshine of that invigorating, enlightened, Christian atmosphere and faith once delivered to the saints, of which Samuel Kendal was one and a worthy exponent.

I have thus presented a few of the more prominent points and elements in the life of him who did so much to develop and re-enforce religion and truth in his day and generation. It was well to honor him by a medallion tablet, a cenotaph in the wall of the new church. In spite, however, of that, as befitting as it is, or even the section of the town and its railway station perpetuating a remembrance of the man, his better and more enduring monument is the good theologic sentiment now promulgated, and the advanced religious life and thought encouraged and sustained. Could he again with living lips speak, he would approve of all; for it was by aid of his reasonable, liberal, and judicious line of thought that it was possible for his immediate successor to do his work in the direction of theologic transformation, insuring good character and stability to all. Dr. Kendal laid the

foundation, and others have builded thereon. Himself even "builded better than he knew." Could he have lived, he would have been abreast — in sentiment at least — with Harris of Dorchester, Porter of Roxbury, and Stearns of Lincoln, with Ware and the host of worthies of the old First Parishes of New England; but in 1814, an early day in the controversy, he rested from his earthly labors. But, as Longfellow has well expressed it,

> "So works the man of just renown
> On men when centuries have flown.
> For what a good man would attain
> The narrow bounds of life restrain;
> And this the balm of genius gives,
> Man dies, but after death he lives."

As I meditate on the life of the faithful, eminent minister, in my mind's eye I see him as for nearly the third of a century he walked those streets, and more than three thousand times went to that gentle acclivity to deliver his messages of grace and salvation. To how many tired souls he made it true, waiving the literalness of a part of the expression, that

> "The hill of Zion yields
> A thousand sacred sweets
> Before we reach the heavenly fields
> Or walk the golden streets"!

I think of him as he thus was in life, and also of that dreary February day when they carried his mortal remains to their burial. But how transcending the thought of him as a man in intellect and Christian life and action, a peer among his fellow-men,

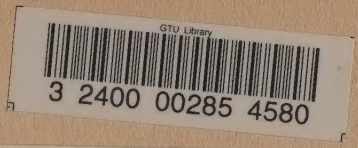
making the pulpit of the church of Weston a veritable city on a hill, which could not be hid,— a man who, for those many eventful years, was "an Israelite, indeed, in whom was no guile"!

How well the poet Goldsmith depicted him when he described — perhaps having in mind his own father — the parson of,

> "Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain!"

To whom, if not to Dr. Kendal, do the words and thoughts more befittingly apply? and with what, if not these, can I more appropriately close? for he was, indeed,

> "As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm!
> Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head."



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